

Robert G. Ingersoll

A Memorial Address by Channing Severance

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

When Robert G. Ingersoll passed the debt of nature and disappeared from the hearts of men, to be seen and heard no more to the end of time, the world lost its greatest orator and one of the most remarkable men that ever trod the surface of this old earth. With his death and disappearance, one of the greatest minds, one of the gentlest and kindest natures that ever existed in human form, bid an eternal farewell to these material scenes and environments. From the mystery of life into that of death, the curtain fell upon a career with which history will insure an influence and a memory as long as history is read, or future generations take an interest in the deeds and doings of their predecessors. As the history of the world is the history of great men, there is no more doubt about his retention of a permanent place on its pages than there is for the supposition that a time will come when oratory will lose its charms, and the honest efforts of heart and brain to increase the joys of life and lift higher the human race in the scale of being, will pass without appreciation and approval. As long as the human heart throbs with kindness and sympathy; as long as mental freedom is prized as a blessing, and the right to think and speak one's mind, and honest thought is held in due regard, the name and works of Robert G. Ingersoll will hold sway and influence those who come after us. Great thoughts are endowed with immortality, and in the realms of intellect the achievements of the future will, as they do today, see and recognize the name of life's possibilities.

There never lived a combination of great heart and great brain that was without words to reach beyond the grave and play a prominent part in the affairs of men, and we can no more cut loose from the influences of the past than we can under the endless chain of cause and effect. Every genius who has played his part in human affairs has left imperishable influences that will forever stimulate men to action and induce others to try and equal his accomplishments. The poets, the statesmen, the philosophers, the orators, the musicians, and the warriors have all left these influences; and the youth in every land has found his ideal form and his hope, and begun life with the hope and the desire of emulation.

Under the stimulating influence of historical deeds, the human race is spurred onward, and it rises higher in the scale of existence as century follows century in the endless procession of the years. Men of genius are not every day products of Nature, and a century of time seldom produces more than one man who can count on the digits of his hand. In antiquity the world has produced but one Shakespeare, whose intellect was likened by our later genius to an "ocean whose waves toss the eddies all the shores around." A high compliment, indeed, and one such as no other man ever paid him, because it required an Ingersoll to produce the expression: and I now make the assertion and challenge denial with the proof, that Ingersoll's orations and his literary efforts contain more gems of thought than can be found in those of any other writer known to the world. He stands pre-eminent among all the great minds of the present and the past, as an expressive writer and an orator. His like and his equal have never been seen, and if we form our judgment from the past, never will be. There is a charm of diction and a rhythmic flow of words in all he wrote or said that can be

found nowhere else; and in addition to these, we find ever and at all times the highest grade of philosophy and a strict adherence to rationalism and common sense. The orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, heretofore considered the foremost productions of the human mind, are far from equalling those of Ingersoll's, and by these are cast into the shade. They occupy a high place in our classics, and ever will, but the pinnacle of fame is now held by the oratorical productions of the greatest champion of Free-thought the world has ever seen—Robert G. Ingersoll.

As an advocate of Free-thought, Ingersoll assumed a position in the realm of oratory never before occupied by the really great historical orators for their line of thought was some specialty and their object their attainment. Politics, statesmanship and religion, science and philosophy have all had their great oratorical exponents, but in Ingersoll we see a new departure, for his plea and his purpose was to emancipate the human mind from every kind and system of mental slavery. His aim was to insure absolute free thought on every subject that interests or concerns mankind; and in a work of this kind he necessarily found religion and religious advocates his worst enemies and opponents.

Free-thought and religion are naturally antagonistic, for religion is surrounded by legends, beyond which its devotees are forbidden to go, while Free-thought sweeps aside all limitations and says there is nothing too sacred for discussion and investigation, and in the realms of intellect the achievements of the future will, as they do today, see and recognize the name of life's possibilities.

Ingersoll's keynote was "Liberty," and at all times and in all places he was animated by a sincere desire to see what was set as the title for one of his great lectures—"Liberty for Man, Woman and Child." He knew that freedom of thought was the basis of freedom to live, and that human rights with minds unshackled by creeds and religious restrictions could not be free. He pleaded for light and knowledge; for the substitution of scientific facts for systems of belief, and that felicitous expression, "The Gods of the first lectures," "The Gods" outlined his position exactly. Said he:

"Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action rather than the dead calm of religion and faith; I banish me from the first Eden when you will, but first let me eat of the tree of knowledge."

He saw how the world had been cursed with blind credulity and ignorance; he saw how religion and religious creeds had rested like an incubus on the minds of untold millions; he saw how the world had been enshrouded in darkness and gloom by the false and the baseless dogmas of theology; he saw how the priesthood played on the hopes and the fears of their ignorant followers, and from the records of history he became familiar with the damnable part that religion has always played in human affairs. He read of the countless victims to religious fanaticism, who suffered torture, imprisonment and death for daring to think and have views of their own; and from religious sources he found, as he asserted, that the world has been a fit place for a gentleman to live in but a comparatively short time.

For a thousand years, that part of the world so unfortunate as to be dominated by the Christian religion, stood intellectually, that period of time is appropriately called the Dark Ages. It was not until the 15th century that the light of reason began to shine again through the darkness induced by the Christian theology and the tyranny of Popery; and from the time of Bruno, the pion-

eer martyr of Free-thought, up to the advent of Robert G. Ingersoll, as its champion and its defender, the conflict between science and religion was continuous.

There never has been a time when the Christian religion looked kindly on the cold facts of science, or viewed with approval the exercise of man's reason; and there never will be, for a conflict invariably results when reason and religion meet. The church fought the plurality of worlds, as taught by Bruno, the spherical form of the earth and its diurnal movement, as proclaimed by Galileo; put every possible obstruction in the way of science, and as late as the last quarter of the 19th century, condemned, denounced, and protested against the doctrine of evolution, as propounded by Charles Darwin.

Why? Because these men and their facts were not in accord with the Book of Genesis. While the church had power to suppress scientific men and their discoveries, it did so with relentless severity, and when through the general increase of intelligence the power began to wane, it still fought them in every conceivable way and with the old-time manifestation of hatred. The church doesn't want thinkers; it wants believers, for belief and not knowledge is the basis of all religions. For this reason, how the church hates Voltaire, and yet the world has produced but two men who deserve to rank with him as public benefactors and steering friends of humanity. These two it is almost needless to say in this audience are Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll. This trinity of names ranks the highest in human history, and will ever so stand among the thinkers of this and all other nations.

Without freedom to think and to express thoughts, there can be no intellectual growth and development, and a stationary world must be the result. But such would be the ideal one of religion and religious systems, for progress is neither wanted nor considered desirable, where inspired writings direct from God exist to guide, influence, and control the inhabitants of the earth. It is assumed by the priesthood and theologians that if God had wanted mankind to know more than the Bible reveals, that book would have contained it; therefore, it is sufficient for our needs as it is. This has been, and always will be, the fatal drawback to religion, for it anchors thought to so-called sacred writings, and says beyond the word of God we must not go.

For centuries the church and Christianity have their own way, and science, the product of man's intellectual achievements, was not permitted to bloom or blossom. Repression of the universal mind and priests possessed the right to think and speak; and woe to him who dared to make use of their self-assumed prerogatives. The church was so strongly opposed to science that it punished the scientist and philosopher as murderers are punished today—by death—and it did its best to prevent by imprisonment and torture the growth and spread of new ideas, and yet it poses now as the cradle of the civilization we now enjoy.

But we KNOW that until science got a renewed foothold, and mankind were enlightened and benefited by its work, this would be the abode of crude superstition and dense ignorance; of cruel and barbaric notions; of merciless intolerance, and unrelenting persecutions. Science has broadened the human mind, and has insured tolerance in opinions, but at what a fearful cost has all this been gained. To realize it we must read history and become familiar with indispensible facts; and when we do, the heart is sickened with horror by the crimes and cruelties of ancient Christians. If we go no further back than the time of Voltaire, we find the wheel and the rack in active use; and the dreadful custom of burning heretics alive was a common occurrence in the century that gave him birth. Though brought up in the bosom of the church and educated by the Jesuits, his great mind rose above the superstitions in which he lived, and his humane feelings revolted at the

crimes perpetrated by both the Catholic and Protestant churches. He strongly resented the barbarism of the Christian civilization, that he resolved to devote his time and talents to the amelioration of his fellow men; and though extreme danger attended such efforts, and his work up to the day of his death was never free from it, he began and carried on a warfare on priestcraft and superstition, the influence of which has been tremendous. His genius lighted up all Europe, and he don't doubt or question that he resolved to elevate the standard of civilization than any writer that preceded him from the dawn of the Christian era. He has well been called the master mind of Europe, and humanity owes him a debt of gratitude which has been denied and withheld because of prejudice, created and inspired by the clergy of all sects and denominations. Christianity has covered him with falsehoods and calumny as a reward for his services to mankind, but that is the manner in which the church has always treated the benefactors of the human race. Show me the names in history of a man who advocated science and philosophy and I will show you one that still receives the condemnation of the churches.

After the great Voltaire, comes Thomas Paine, a well thought and much maligned enemy of Christian superstition, and the work which he did is all sufficient to account for the lies and enmity which the churches bestow upon him. He was naturally a free thinker, and he naturally followed that which he believed to be right. He used no weapon in his attack on superstition but reason, and from reason he drew all of his conclusions, and yet how the clergy hate him! As they hate him so do the churches, and he followed that which he believed to be right. He used no weapon in his attack on superstition but reason, and from reason he drew all of his conclusions, and yet how the clergy hate him! As they hate him so do the churches, and he followed that which he believed to be right. He used no weapon in his attack on superstition but reason, and from reason he drew all of his conclusions, and yet how the clergy hate him! As they hate him so do the churches, and he followed that which he believed to be right.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was also something remarkable, for the very sight of the man carried an influence that proclaimed superiority and genius, and in his presence no one failed to feel that he had met one of Nature's noblemen. I first saw and heard him in 1876, and never shall I forget the manner in which he touched and swayed that vast audience in Music Hall, Boston, as he poured forth a volume of oratory, such as that historic city, with its long list of great men and public speakers, had never known before. It was on this occasion that he paid his compliments to the Rev. Joseph Cook, one of the most dogmatic and determined enemies of Free-thought that orthodox Christianity has given us in the last generation. A man like St. Paul, who did not hesitate to die for the glory of God, and who did knowingly, willfully and maliciously, lie about Col. Ingersoll. It was about that time that Free-thinkers were being hounded and persecuted by Anthony Comstock and a coterie of bigoted Christians in this country, under a national law, defined as a statute for the suppression of vice and obscenity, but really aimed at the suppression of Free-thought. Joseph Cook had repeatedly stated in public that Col. Ingersoll was in favor of the circulation of obscene literature; so when Ingersoll came before the people, and he was to the city where Cook lived, he met that gentleman's charges in a fitting manner. What a scoring he received! And how that vast audience applauded as Ingersoll depicted the stage of the United States against blasphemy, for this government has no God connected with its machinery, and none is recognized in the Constitution; therefore, such laws do not and cannot exist. Still D. M. Bennett, the editor of the Truthseeker, was destined to endure thirteen months imprisonment, through the machinations of these foes of Free-thought, and his offense was the mailing of a dry dissertation on the sexes, by E. H. Heywood, which biased and prejudiced courts on several occasions declared obscene. The hook, or pamphlet, advocated more liberty in marriage, and dealt with sex questions, but did not contain a single word that could rightly be called obscene, as does the Holy Bible in many instances; and Charles Devins, then Attorney-General of the United States, wrote after its perusal, that it was not an obscene book. But to the penitentiary Bennett had to go because his Free-thought paper had offended the Christians. After his imprisonment, a monster petition of 50,000 names was taken to President Hayes by Col. Ingersoll, and that gentleman, after admitting the injustice of Bennett's imprisonment, promised to pardon him, but the Methodist "Truthseeker" was not. President Hayes (Continued on page four)

America, sometimes called Boston, resented in him being heralded as the rising sun across the lecture field of time; and well did he merit the compliment; and well did he preserve his reputation as the foremost orator of the world, until his eloquent lips were made voiceless by the touch of death's cold hand. As an orator, he was the phenomenon of the ages, and I repeat, his equal never lived as far as we know from the records of human speech that have been preserved. In all his numerous lectures and voluminous writings there is not a dull or prosy line. The fire of genius burns in them all, and his great mind seemed to hold an inexhaustible supply of fresh and attractive thoughts. He saw things at a glance, which required study and reflection in others, and his keen perception was fully equalled by his unrivaled powers of expression; and when America's greatest pulpit orator—Henry Ward Beecher—presented him to a New York audience in these words, he said what many thousands of his admirers and good judges of oratory still believe true:

"Now, fellow citizens, let me introduce to you a man who, I say not flatteringly, but with sincere conviction, is the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue in any land on the globe."

Col. Ingersoll's personality was also something remarkable, for the very sight of the man carried an influence that proclaimed superiority and genius, and in his presence no one failed to feel that he had met one of Nature's noblemen.

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fringement of the rights of certain citizens, and in efforts to muzzle the press and conscience, "ation for its repeal. When a man's conscience permits him to spread broadcast obscene literature, it is time that conscience was muzzled. The law is a terror only to evil doers."

Col. Ingersoll replied to the editor in these words:

"No one wishes for the repeal of any law for the suppression of obscene literature. For my part, I wish all such laws rigidly enforced. The only objection I have to the law of 1873 is that it has been construed to include books and pamphlets written against the religion of the day, although containing nothing that can be called obscene or impure. 'Certain religious fanatics, taking advantage of the word "immoral" in the law, have claimed that all writings against what they are pleased to call orthodox religion are "immoral," and such books have been seized and their authors arrested. To this, and this only, I object. Your article gives me great injustice, and I ask that you will have the kindness to publish this note. From the bottom of my heart I despise the publishers of obscene literature. Below them there is no depth of filth. And I also despise those who, under the pretense of suppressing obscene literature, endeavor to prevent honest and pure men from writing and publishing honest and pure thoughts."

It is easy to understand these words, and no truthful or honest man who sees them will ever accuse Ingersoll of such a baseless charge as made by Cook and others; but all men are not truthful and honest, and while Christians hate their enemies, contrary to the teachings of Jesus, they will continue to lie and to slander them as they always have.

Without determined opposition to the Comstock law, which contained that infamous and elastic word "immoral," every Free-thought paper in the United States would have been suppressed years ago, for that was the main object in view when those laws were hurried through Congress in the last hours of its session in 1873. It was fully expected that the Truthseeker, the Boston Investigator, and other leading journals would be driven out of existence, and Comstock, that persistent enemy of Free-thought, visited the printers of the Truthseeker and threatened them with arrest if they continued to publish it. He declared it his intention to institute a criminal charge against Editor Bennett because of an open letter he wrote to Jesus Christ, but the intention was not carried out when he learned that Col. Ingersoll had said he would defend him if he did. Comstock denounced the Truthseeker as a villainous and blasphemous sheet—but even if it had been, those two words have no more connection with obscenity than religion has with common sense. We have no laws against blasphemy in the United States against blasphemy, for this government has no God connected with its machinery, and none is recognized in the Constitution; therefore, such laws do not and cannot exist. Still D. M. Bennett, the editor of the Truthseeker, was destined to endure thirteen months imprisonment, through the machinations of these foes of Free-thought, and his offense was the mailing of a dry dissertation on the sexes, by E. H. Heywood, which biased and prejudiced courts on several occasions declared obscene. The hook, or pamphlet, advocated more liberty in marriage, and dealt with sex questions, but did not contain a single word that could rightly be called obscene, as does the Holy Bible in many instances; and Charles Devins, then Attorney-General of the United States, wrote after its perusal, that it was not an obscene book. But to the penitentiary Bennett had to go because his Free-thought paper had offended the Christians. After his imprisonment, a monster petition of 50,000 names was taken to President Hayes by Col. Ingersoll, and that gentleman, after admitting the injustice of Bennett's imprisonment, promised to pardon him, but the Methodist "Truthseeker" was not. President Hayes (Continued on page four)

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## BLUE GRASS BLADE

FOUNDED 1894

BY

CHARLES J. HILTON MOORE.  
ad. edited by him until his death,  
February 7, 1904.



JAMES E. HUGHES - Proprietor  
126-128 North Lexington Street,  
Lexington, Kentucky.  
P. O. Box 192.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
By mail, postpaid \$1.00 pr. yr. in advance.  
Five yearly subscribers at one price  
\$5.00 cents each.  
Foreign subscriptions, postpaid \$1.50  
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One inch, single column, 1 insertion.  
50 cents; one month, or four insertions,  
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Quarter column, 1 insertion, \$2.00; one  
month, \$4.00; six months, \$20.00; one  
year, \$30.00.  
Half column, whole column, or larger  
advertisements at special rates upon application.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Blade will  
be discontinued at the expiration of the  
term for which the subscription has  
been paid up in advance. The address  
on the paper will show subscribers the  
date of expiration of subscription.  
Check numbers or numbers omitted will  
be sent, if asked for upon renewal in  
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SHOULD ANY SUBSCRIBER change his  
or her address, advise the office, giving  
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THE OFFICE of publication of the Blade  
is at 126-128 North Lexington Street,  
Lexington, Kentucky, to which all  
letters will be given a hearty  
welcome.

THE BLADE is entered at the Postoffice  
at Lexington, Kentucky, as second-  
class mailing matter.  
ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO  
JAMES E. HUGHES, Box 192, Lexington,  
Kentucky.

### WHAT ABOUT THE BLADE?

The Blade is in receipt of a  
number of communications, of  
which the following from A. A.  
Snow is a fair sample. Some ques-  
tions are asked in these  
letters that are difficult to  
answer frankly. There are some ques-  
tions very close to \$40 per week to  
print and mail the Blade. For  
two or more years it cost us, in  
addition to this, the salary of an  
editor of \$24 per week. Any  
one who knows anything must  
know there are some weekly  
office expenses to pay. At no  
time in ten years past have the  
receipts equaled the expenditures.  
Since the first of June the re-  
ceipts have not been sufficient to  
pay the postage on the paper. It  
is easy to be seen that the Blade  
is a long way from being a money-  
making institution. Read Mr.  
Snow's letter:

"Bro. Hughes; I notice that  
you make mention of your finan-  
cial condition, and that you  
want your friends to write your  
opinion regarding your way out,  
and plans regarding the salvation  
of the Blade. But what would it  
take to save the Blade? \$40 per  
week—how many? Subscribers—  
how many?  
"I will be blamed if this isn't  
a hard subject for me to write on.  
I know of no text book or  
encyclopedia to refer to for  
material. A schoolman once  
wanted me to write an essay  
on Adair county, Mo., and I  
knew no more about Adair Co.,  
Mo., than the man in the moon.  
I was from Iowa. But an  
essay she had to have, or no  
grade would go down. Oh,  
where! So I wrote a lot of fiction  
and sent it in; but the  
remedy proved worse than the  
disease, for my grade went  
down ten degrees below zero.  
But she was an old maid; had  
she a hubby she wouldn't have  
been so cross, and would have  
been more patient.  
"But what about the Blade? Tell  
those fellows they must  
pay up or quit reading any-  
thing I write. Now, I don't  
know whether this is fiction or  
not, but suspect it is straight  
goods. There is but one or

both of two things we fellows  
can do always keep paid up.  
The Blade has been the  
work of subscribers, or reach  
down into your jeans and make  
donations. We could make  
promises regarding the latter;  
the former would depend on  
somebody else. Say, Jim, how  
long would the subscribers be  
sure of getting the Blade  
should they pay cash on subscrip-  
tion? As to donations, I  
should think most subscribers  
would want to know more  
about the matter, so as to have  
some idea as to what they ought  
to give, and what it would ac-  
complish. I should think it  
well for some one who knows  
all about your financial affairs  
to give your subscribers a full  
account of the matter. Some  
letters have been sent out  
representing that you ask for aid  
when there are no grounds for  
it. This, if it had no other ef-  
fect, would be inclined to make  
some of your subscribers hos-  
tate. I will wait to hear from  
you and others. In the mean-  
time, I might be lucky enough  
to get a subscriber or so—not  
this week, but next week, when  
I will attend the Chautauque at  
Leon. Very truly—A. A.  
SNOW.

There is a significant sentence  
in the above: "Some letters have  
been sent out representing that  
you ask for aid when there are  
no grounds for it."

This same authority announced  
in the daily newspapers that the  
Blade ceased publication on the  
12th of last December. This same  
authority sent out letters that he  
had acquired possession of the  
Blade and would merge it into a  
paper to be called "The Rationalist,"  
January 1, 1910. This same  
authority, it is believed in this  
office, purloined a copy of the  
Blade mailing list and sent notices  
to delinquent subscribers to send  
no more money to Mr. Hughes,  
but to send it to "The Rationalist."  
This same authority made  
advertisements to the State Inspector  
at Frankfort that Mr. Hughes  
had sold copies of a book he was  
printing for the State, and subse-  
quently denied that he had  
made such affidavits. The same  
authority is a constant reminder  
of the fable of our schoolboy days  
about the boy who put a snake  
into his pocket to get it warm.

The publisher of the Blade has  
never, and will never, ask for  
a cent of money for himself. If  
the Free thinkers of this country  
want the Blade, he is willing to  
provide it and meet them more  
than half way. It costs over  
\$2,000 a year to publish the pa-  
per. He is willing to scratch  
around and put up half of this.  
He does not think he can afford  
nor does he think he ought to be  
asked, to continue the paper at  
a total dead loss.

Mr. Snow suggests that delin-  
quents pay up. We have used  
every art we know of to induce  
them to do so, but without avail.  
Our faith in them is weakening.

There has just been issued from  
the press of the Blue Grass Blade  
a little pamphlet, "H. S. H. Hills  
of Cleveland, Ohio," entitled  
"Christianity's Birthplace."  
This little book of fifty-six  
pages is one of the strongest con-  
tributions to the Free thought lit-  
erature of the year yet published.  
It gives every evidence of patient  
and painstaking research, and  
presents a strong collation of  
authorities as to the origin of the  
New Testament Gospel, upon which  
is founded the Christian  
Religion.  
The author makes no claim to  
originality, but merely pretends  
to have compiled accurate state-  
ments. Among the many notable  
authors quoted from are St. Augustine,  
Bishop of Hippo Regius,  
Catechism of the Council of Trent,  
Origen (third century); Eusebius  
of Pamphilius (fourth century);  
Bishop Melito of Sardis, Lydia,  
Justin Martyr; Mosheim, the  
ecclesiastical historian; Dr. Nathan-  
iel Lardner, the eminent English  
ecclesiastic, and a number of  
others. To this collection is added  
biographical personalities and  
incidents in the lives of St. Paul,  
Origen, Eusebius and Constantine.  
The Great, the immortal Four  
without whom, according to Til-  
lemont, "Christianity would never  
have come down to us."  
Appended are a number of  
choice extracts from ecclesiastical  
writings. The volume is dedi-  
cated to such as would know the  
truth, and yet have not the time  
to search it out. The price of the  
book is fifteen cents, and  
copies may be had by addressing

Mr. Hills, 1847 East Eighty-  
Seventh Street, Cleveland, Ohio.  
The Blade heartily commends  
the work to the favorable consid-  
eration of its readers, and  
hopes for it a large circulation.

### WANTS THE BLADE JUST AS IT IS.

Here is a letter we commend to  
our friends who insist on receiving  
and reading the Blade without  
paying for it:  
"Birmingham, Ala. Aug. 2, '10."  
"James E. Hughes, Editor Blade."  
"Another copy of the esteemed  
Blade just received. Had begun  
to fear that I would never see  
another copy. Although I have  
only been acquainted with it a  
short time, I have already learned  
to love it, and look with pleasure  
to the time of the week it is due.  
I do think it is a shame for Free-  
thinkers to let such a valuable  
sheet to go down, and with it a  
sweet old life that has been spent  
in the cause of freedom. No one  
who reads the Blade can truth-  
fully say that it does not contain  
their money's worth, and they  
cannot afford to spoil their per-  
sonal reputation just for the sake  
of the price of the paper; and be-  
sides it will give occasion for  
much comment by the supersti-  
tious churches over the land. They  
will say that "God did it." That  
shows what becomes of Liberal-  
ism," etc., etc. It will be a sweet  
memento to be rolled under the  
tongue of Christians for ages.  
IT MUST NOT GO DOWN."  
I'll contribute five dollars to-  
ward the cause, although I'm a  
poor man and earn the living for  
my wife and children by the toil  
of my own individual hands.  
As for making the paper a  
monthly, I would much rather it  
remain just as it is. A month is  
too long to wait for it.

Just come along dear readers,  
and let us make the Blade a bet-  
ter sheet yet, if such a thing is  
possible. Remember your own  
guilty conscience and personal  
reputation, and don't forget that  
"honesty is the best policy" al-  
ways, and that "Every little bit  
helps."

Why, I couldn't sleep at night  
after hearing the editor of the  
Blade crying for help, knowing  
that I had not paid my subscrip-  
tion.

"A friend in need is a friend  
indeed." In attempting to dis-  
miss the matter at once, you are not  
friendly the editor, but yourself  
and children and all the world.  
If we do not honor the cause of  
freedom in our hearts, others  
will take our places and wear the  
golden laurels, and our names  
will pass away into oblivion.

Don't forget that "These are  
the times that try men's souls."  
Every one of us ought to strive  
to leave a mark behind when our  
life ends that cannot be erased  
for the immortal truth for which  
the Blade stands.

Let us hear from others.  
"J. MARSHALL SMITH."

### DEATH OF MRS. REBECCA SMITH.

July 11, 1910, Mrs. Rebecca  
Smith, of Harrison County, O.,  
in her 70th year and after an ill-  
ness of several months, passed in  
to the eternal calm of death. She  
died as she had lived—a Free-  
thinker.  
On the morning of July 12th,  
our good friend, Mr. Geo. O. Rob-  
erts, of Dennison, O., called me  
by phone and requested that I  
deliver the funeral address. The  
time and place of funeral was set  
for morning of July 13th at the  
family residence, located in that  
picturesque part of Harrison  
county, known as Pleasant Valley.  
After spending several hours  
on the train and driving for two  
hours over the beautiful hills—  
those beautiful little hills which  
formed many years ago during  
the glacial period—the residence  
was reached. A large crowd had  
gathered. The night previous  
Providence had sent a heavy rain  
making harvesting impossible in  
the fields too wet to work, thus  
enabling every one to attend the  
funeral. And the large crowd  
that gathered was an eloquent  
testimony of the high esteem in  
which the deceased was held, not  
only by her Free thinkers, but her  
Christian friends.

On reaching the residence, all  
was in readiness, and after a  
little song service, I gave the ad-  
dress. It was a 45 minutes' talk  
and dealt with the God idea, the  
belief in immortality, the eternal  
punishment superstition, and the  
subjects of life and death as viewed  
from the standpoint of Rationalism.  
No compromise was made,  
and no insult was given to any

one. All listened attentively, and  
so far as could be learned, not  
very many were present, but  
many about the substance of the  
talk.

There were many present who  
no doubt, had never before at-  
tended a funeral under Free-  
thought auspices, and lucky some-  
times never to attend one. The  
matter of religion from any other  
point of view than that of the  
current rider, but "Aunt Becca,"  
as she deceased was familiarly  
known, had long since outgrown  
the doctrines of the current rider,  
and stood for the religion of rea-  
son. She performed the duties of  
the office of life nobly, and was  
known throughout the neighbor-  
hood as a good soul, a good  
mother, a splendid wife, and an  
amiable neighbor, ever ready  
to lend a helping hand. She was  
always wearing the smile of cheer-  
fulness and bearing the torch of  
reason. Through her loss, the  
family loses a good mother, a  
husband loses a faithful wife,  
and humanity loses a true friend.  
She is survived by her husband,  
Simon Smith, who, though for  
eight years has been confined to  
his bed, remains firm in his Free-  
thought convictions. Two sons,  
two daughters and three grand-  
children also survive her.

Her death is also mourned by a  
brother, Mr. Johnson, of Bow-  
erston, O., one of the grandest old  
gentlemen whom it has ever been  
my pleasure to know. He is an  
old, old man, but his heart is  
young along in years, he faces the  
future without a quiver.

Freethought may well be proud  
of such persons as these, as their  
exemplary lives stand out as the  
strongest refutations that can be  
made of all that is wrong with  
them, that we hear Christians making.  
What better evidence is needed  
to prove that people do not have  
to be "regenerated," nor cleansed  
by the "blood?"

J. ATWOOD CULBERTSON.

### WAS JESUS A MAN, OR WAS HE A MYTH?

The above is a question we  
should love to see answered by  
every intelligent, truth-loving  
person. It is one of vast impor-  
tance—one that has caused a great  
amount of discord and one which  
has not as yet been satisfactorily  
answered. For our part, we don't  
think we are competent to render  
a decisive answer. But we can  
give our honest opinion. We be-  
lieve that this man Jesus was both  
man and myth. In other words,  
"a myth of a man."

Remember, there is not a word  
in the New Testament with the  
name "Jesus" signed to it as the  
author. In that case, all we can  
possibly know about such a man  
is what some one else has said. It  
is not Jesus doing the talking—  
it is "Mr. Others." Well, who is  
"Others?" They are a lot of ig-  
norant fishermen, tax gatherers,  
etc. Jesus is said to have told  
them to follow him and he would  
make them fishers of men. This  
is the only evidence we can find  
in support of either a Jesus or his  
sayings. Now in case these wit-  
nesses for Jesus had been agreed  
or unanimous in what they said  
about him, that would have helped  
the matter considerably, but no  
two of them will agree on a mat-  
ter anything said about him. And  
Jesus is made to contradict him-  
self in almost every statement  
he makes. For instance, he will  
say: "I and my Father are one."  
Then right away he will say:  
"My Father is greater than I."  
We could fill pages with just  
such contradictory statements as  
the above. But we reason thus:  
In case one statement of Jesus is  
true, the others are sure to be  
lies, so no use in repeating  
them. Then in case Jesus had  
been the only mythical God the  
people had set up to worship,  
even that would have little bear-  
ing on the case.

But go back thousands of years  
before the time of Jesus, and we  
find that each nation, tribe, or  
division of people had its own  
peculiar gods to worship; and  
when it comes the turn of Jesus  
all he had to do was to pattern  
after them and fall in line. There  
has never been any scarcity of  
gods. The world has been full of  
mythical gods from time immem-  
orial and is full of them today.  
People must have something to  
worship, and if it is nothing  
more than a golden calf as you  
would worship the gold all  
right, but as for the god, we ask  
to be excused. The mysterious  
appearance claimed for Jesus is  
what fooled the people; while at  
the same time there is a mys-  
tery connected with his birth  
than any other man. His claim to

divinity is what did the work.  
He was an expectant neophyte,  
wearing a simple robe, and he  
was what the people's eye, they  
said: "No man can do these  
things unless God be with him."  
And we had thousands today  
with just brains enough and no  
more, to believe that a per-  
son never known into this world  
one man human, the other half  
divine. And to cap the climax,  
"both God and man."

Now against such ignorance  
and superstition, it would be  
hard for even the gods to fight,  
or alone humanity. Take, for  
instance, the majority of the Bi-  
ble believers of today; show  
them something taught a little  
with the miraculous, mysterious,  
or mystical, and they will grab  
for it, ten to one, before they  
have a sound scientific, scientific  
truth. But why is this? It is be-  
cause they have been taught from  
infancy to believe in the fool  
visions, dreams and teachings of  
a mythical Jesus. It is hard to  
fight the ignorance and supersti-  
tions of early training. You take  
a well informed, educated person  
and you can reason with him; but  
take a person whose brain carries  
him no higher than the inspired  
teachings, and all he knows  
is what the Bible says. Jesus is  
made to say: "If any man hear  
my word and believe not, I judge  
him not, for I come not to judge  
the world, but to save the world."

Now in our estimation, in both  
statements Jesus has over-estimated  
his mission to this world  
most terribly. In the first place  
the world did not need saving—  
it was already saved; it was much  
safer before he ever saw it than  
at any time since, because the world  
was not so full of sin with him,  
and the people of the world have  
been fighting and murdering each  
other ever since he came.

Neither did the world need to  
be judged. It was all right, for  
after God finished it he took a  
look at it and pronounced it very  
good. Did Jesus suppose that he  
was capable of making any im-  
provement on God's Work? He  
made great disagreements and set  
the people to killing each other.  
But Christians today are losing  
faith in their leader very fast. A  
few more generations and the  
people will be educated clear  
out of sight of the necessity of a  
Savior. They will have learned  
that Jesus was a swindler, and need  
of any blood being spilled either  
before or since.

And now, in conclusion, we  
wish to say: It is our opinion that  
the advent into the world of this  
man, who says that he comes not  
to save people but a sword, who  
came to set the son at variance  
with the father, and the daughter  
against the mother, destroying  
the peace and comfort of one of  
the grandest blessings known to  
mankind, was one of the most  
disastrous and saddest fatalities  
that ever befell the human family.  
And this myth that Jesus is  
the one who has done it—all this  
same fellow who says that if I  
don't love him and hate my father  
and mother and brother and  
sister, wife and children, that I  
can never be one of his disciples.

May a kind Providence—a kind  
God—forgive that I ever should  
be fool enough to become a disci-  
ple or follower of such a man.  
He is a swindler, and he calls the  
scribes and Pharisees "fools and hypocrites"  
because they are not fools enough  
to believe in him. And he is fool  
enough to tell us that if we don't  
believe in him that we will surely  
be damned—Years for fools.

JOEL M. BERRY.

### MY TRIP TO ROME.

DR. J. B. WILSON.  
The International Congress of Free-  
thinkers was held in the City of Rome,  
Italy, December 1, 1909. The author  
attended that Congress as the American  
delegate. It is an account of travel and  
personal experiences that has received  
an universal encomium from press and  
people. In it religious dogmas and tales  
of priestly rascals are ruthlessly exposed,  
while the general view is without com-  
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make them known and perpetuated.  
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addressed envelope to the Presi-  
dent of the Church of Humanity,  
W. H. KERR, Great Bend, Kas.

### WHAT THEY DID NOT OBEY.

The African king was showing me  
his troop of amazons—tall, broad-  
shouldered, robust-looking women, who  
carried their weapons with the grim  
familiarity of warriors that knew how  
to use them with determined and dead  
ly effect.

"Are they brave?" I asked his maj-  
esty.

"They're the bravest of the brave,"  
he answered, proudly.

"And do they obey orders?" I in-  
quired.

"Yes; that is, all but one order," he  
said, with some hesitation.

"And what order is that?" I pressed  
him.

"Silence in ranks!" he replied in  
a tone that indicated his realization of  
the fact that disobedience of this or-  
der was inevitable.

### The Common Type.

"I suppose," said the fair summer  
girl to the itinerant photographer  
who was playing his trade at the sea-  
side resort, "you are a good judge of  
human nature?"

"Well," he replied, candidly, "I  
have many opportunities of observing  
it."

"Would you mind telling me," she  
continued, "what you consider the  
most common type of women?"

"The 'tintype' man," he answered  
unhesitatingly. "Four for a quarter."

### Kind Consideration.

Dodge—If you would save what you  
pay for cigars and cigarettes you  
would have a snug sum at the end of  
a year.

Hodge—Very true. But think how  
my children would suffer for want of  
gift bands and coupons.

### Not Up to Expectations.

"And why, may I ask, did you con-  
sider my lecture such a flat failure?"

"I don't think you were suffering from  
more than a month from insomnia, and  
I thought perhaps if I was to go to hear  
you I might go to sleep, but I remained  
as wide awake as ever."

### DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.



Bless—If hear you're broken off with  
Miss Kohn. Weren't your relations  
pleasant?"

Range—Mine were. It was her rela-  
tions who were doing the kicking.

### Looking for It.

The baritone dancer came to see;  
She got a splinter in her toe.  
It did not stop the steady show.  
For she could have much, don't you  
know.

### The Safest.

"Young man going in for fox hunt-  
ing wants to know how to take the  
fence without injuring himself," said  
the assistant.

"Tell him to take it with a camera,"  
growled the busy man, without looking  
up.

### Combination.

Mr. Richmond—This anti-trust busi-  
ness is throwing quite a scare into our  
people.

Mr. Williams—Yes. The boys won't  
even make combination shots in the  
club poolroom for fear of being in-  
vestigated—Puck.

### Value of Music.

Diggs—I understand that you en-  
courage your son to practise on the  
cornet?

Griggs—Yes. He's been playing only  
two months, but today I bought the  
house next door to me for one-half its  
value—Smart Set Magazine.

### Some Cats.

"The fur trade of the world uses  
one million cat skins annually."  
"I wish the fur trade would come  
around some night and gather its  
next year's supply from my back  
fence."

### In Danger.

"Those two pugilists are liable to  
be arrested before they get much fur-  
ther."

"For fighting?"

"No. For being loud and bolster-  
ous."

### Rag-Time Worms.

Mr. Dollop—Brown's an ingenious  
fellow.

Mrs. Wollop—What's he doing now?

Mr. Dollop—He's trying to worm  
sling cocoons songs.

### Not a Good Sign.

"I'm suspicious of that man. I don't  
believe I'd trust him."

"Why not?"

"He brags too much about how good  
he is to his wife."



## JESUS IN OUR SCHOOLS.

Laneville, Iowa, July 21, '10.

State Superintendent, Topeka, Kansas: Dear Sir: I see there is a movement started to put your state, headed by J. F. Jarrell, of Holton, Kas., to introduce the history of Jesus Christ into the public schools, and in the opinion of the St. Louis Republic, this movement, if successful, is destined to become nation wide. Then, of course, I would have a common interest in it, though a citizen of another state.

I believe it would be a mistake to introduce the history of Jesus into our school books, and I am here giving you my reasons for such opinion in order that you may use your influence in the matter as all the facts before you seem to require. I will also send a copy of this letter to Jarrell and to the editor of the Republic, with the request that they publish the same in their papers.

I am aware that some religious people are sensitive as to what papers say regarding their religion, and these papers do not mean to offend them any more than I do; and for that reason I shall write nothing except what Mr. Jarrell and his followers can refute if he is in the right and I am in the wrong. I have been denounced by certain Kansas as "one from benighted Iowa," but I have never asked but for light, and never will ask for light, as such as desire to drop the curtain. If we ever go back to the condition of the Dark Ages, it will be for the want of free criticism. The Dark Ages were born and lasted the ages of superstition and cause criticism was rewarded by the martyr's stake. I believe Mr. Jarrell's movement is a step a long way backward toward the Dark Ages. It would be virtually converting our secular school into a religious institution. Supernatural religion is out of place in our schools. The people are taxed to support the schools, but taxation to support religion is wrong it is tyrannical.

Italy and Spain are now making a hard struggle to free themselves from the parochial schools. Experience has taught them that they need education regarding the world they live in, and not a curriculum regarding the spirit world as too speculative for practical or secular purposes.

Jesus was a God—one of the members of the Trinity. To teach the history of a god in our schools is to teach religion. On the other hand, to ignore the fact of his being a god, would be in a great measure, to ignore his history. It would be like giving the history of a horse and yet ignoring the fact of his being a horse.

Christians are divided on that point. Now in this history could we straddle as touching the question whether Jesus was a god? He was a god, all his greatness grew out of that fact alone.

What! Give a history of Jesus, because of the great results that followed, and then ignore the real cause of those results? This very ignoring would be an acknowledgment that the greatness of the results would not be sufficient ground to introduce the history into the schools. If we throw out all the supernatural the miraculous from all the sources obtainable for such history of Jesus, as is done in all other histories, we find not enough material left for a complete history. Roman and other Higher Critics attempted this, but found they had to appeal to their imagination for material to make a connective narrative, and this method gave great offense to the orthodox. Many who eliminated the supernatural features of what we have of the history of Jesus have grave doubts as to whether such a person ever really existed. What little remained left the question in doubt. We have Mr. Jarrell makes a break from the very start that will offend the Jew that is taxed to support the schools and forced to send his children there, when he denounces Jesus as "the Christ." This is blasphemous and idolatry as seen by the Jews.

There are hundreds of thousands of educated men and women, not the Freethinkers, alone, but Christians, followers of the Higher Critics who deny the miracles, and affirm that nature's laws are inviolable, as are the laws of mathematics, which it is claimed, is a part of nature's laws. How would Bro. Jarrell like to be taxed to support a school and be compelled to send his children where it is taught, for instance, that the multiplication table is nominally correct,

yet at any time its laws might be changed by an increase of gravity to nullify it? Would he not feel that he is forced to pay for being taught ignorance?

I hold as did U. S. Grant, when he said: "Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and state forever separate."

Washington, Franklin, Madison, Jefferson, and other great statesmen spoke in like manner.

A. A. SNOW.

## FEW COMMENTS ON THE PAINÉ BANQUET.

Columbus, Ohio, June 12, 1910. James E. Hughes:

Dear Sir:—While attending the 8th Thomas Paine Memorial banquet at Dennison, Ohio, June 5th, 1910, I again met George O. Roberts and others I know to be Thinkers for themselves—commonly called Freethinkers. I have recently by some of them, especially Geo. O. Roberts to write some of my remarks for your paper.

When ignorance is bliss, "it's folly to be wise," or a fool's paradise. For years past we, and our forefathers, have sat and listened to the preachers for our weekly rations of heaven and hell; also taught to hate and despise all others not believing as they do. In my travels I met a preacher who heard of me and while in conversation challenged me to his church on a Sunday morning. I went on one condition that I be granted ten minutes to answer him and asked him to judge. I chose Knowledge and Belief. On going to his church a sad accident occurred on the street car line a short distance from his church, as I entered the church I was seated near the pulpit, but arose and greeted the preacher saying in a loud voice as all could hear me: My friend, excuse my late arrival as I was delayed by an accident and the mangled remains of a small colored boy lies all along the front street tracks. By choice, my friend, you may believe me, but you do not know it as a fact. Now put on your hat and go out and see for yourself, whereupon you are past belief.

With your actual knowledge where is your actual knowledge of a life heaven and hell after death? Whereupon he said that the Holy Ghost came into all converts and furnished actual knowledge.

In my ten minutes reply I said if that is so, how many of the slides? A child burns its finger on the kitchen stove. Does it backslide? Also why are so many of your church members names enrolled on the blotter of State prisons?

answered evasively and turning to the audience said he thanked God that there was only a handful of those Freethinkers. I asked him how many did he think there was. He answered saying about a thousand all told, and at last he raised the figure to five thousand. Now my friend said if you place all of these on one side of a highway and your church members and their children who have been weekly and often stuffed with religion, in and out of churches, hearing and seeing in grand panorama view, with the smell of sulphur, knocking of teeth and bitter wall arising from the bottomless pit—a constant reminder to your church members and their children who you owe place on the other side of this great highway, flow many policemen, constables, sheriffs, soldiers, judges, lawyers, etc., as a vast vigilance committee are there. It is needless to say about 5000 to 1 Freethinker. It is evident that they are watching church members and their children. Go to the State prisons and look at the records. Belief and faith is a farce of the Holy Ghost. Backsliders have patches on their knees but larger patches on their eyes and backsides. There must be some (pure blood) and (Oleomargarine) Holy Ghost. Better have the pure food or other inspection officer attend to that matter. Yours for Freethought, LEWIS W. DIMMER.

## ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Continued from page 4) whole world owes him a debt of gratitude, for his work, for his influence are world-wide in extent. There is not a land beneath the sun where his church works have not gone, and wherever they have gone they have

done good; have insured progress and an increase of human happiness; have lessened the power of priestcraft, and carried hope and courage to those groping in mental darkness. His works are a beacon light to those cursed with superstition in any form; and they ever will be while this earth is encumbered with a single priest to enslave the minds of men.

Said Ingersoll: "There is nothing nobler than to destroy the phantoms of the soul," and that for the last 25 years of his life was his special business. His work was done well and thoroughly, and the man who has his complete writings on religious and philosophical questions has an arsenal of facts with which he can defy the entire powers of darkness; he has the richest and the ripest of human thoughts and the greatest contribution to free thought literature that any one man has yet produced.

For this reason, I say: All hail to the memory of this great man, whose grand and lofty character invites our respect; whose genius and versatility invokes our regard; whose courage and candor appeals to our pride, and whose generosity and beneficence touches deeply our emotions. He saw 66 years of life and passed away much too soon, but 66 centuries will not measure the extent of his influence, for in the world's history he is destined to bear the deathless characters; and untold millions yet to come upon this earth of action will study and admire this remarkable product of the human race; who will ever stand as an inspiration to honest manhood and those who love and seek the truth. In the niche of fame, no name will stand higher in the coming centuries than that of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, for time will sweep away the clouds of religious bigotry that now hover over him, and reveal him as he really was—one of Nature's grandest noblemen.

The newspapers have, as usual, carefully concealed the fact that Dr. F. J. Furuvall, the Shakes at the great age of eighty-five, peacemaker scholar, who has just died was an Agnostic. He was a devoted admirer of Shelley, and laughed at those who tried to minimize or explain away Shelley's "Atheism." Some months ago the Tribune said Dr. Furuvall that he had but a short time to live. He had but a short time to live, but he had the news quite cheerfully, and made all preparations for the end, including a notification to his friends.

## WORLD'S BEST WATCHES.

Men's New Thin Model, 16 Size. Waltham: "Riverside" Maxim, 21 jewels, \$55; "Greenwood Street," 21 jewels, \$23; "Riverside," 19 jewels, \$21; "P. T. Bartlett," 17 jewels, \$12.50; "625," 17 jewels, \$10; 15 jewels, \$8; 7 jewels, \$6.

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Look at the above in the new Thin Model Silver-Case Screw Cases. In Fay's, Crown or Deuter filled gold case, guaranteed by the manufacturers for 20 years, artistic metal chased or plain, \$3, or hunting, \$5 more. In 25 year case, \$2 more than in 20 year case. In cases guaranteed for all time, screw, \$8, or hunting, \$10 more than in Silver-Case. Prices of solid gold cases on application.

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and for price list of Watches not listed above, Diamonds, Jewelry, Rings, Silver and Plated Ware, Optical Goods, Ring Cases, and many tracts, "The AX and the Hood," free. Highest price paid for old gold.

OTTO WETSTEIN, LaGrange, Cook Co., Ill. 110 N. Kensington Ave.

DOG FENNEL in THE ORIENT by Charles Chilton Moore.

When a young man the author had started out to walk through the Holy Lands on foot. Reaching Paris he gave up the journey and returned home. He made the trip by rail and boat about three years before his death. This book gives an account of what he saw and contains numerous Christian myths. It is especially suitable for a present. Cloth bound, 50c. Postpaid \$1.25. Address orders to BLUE GRASS BLADE, Lexington, Ky.

## THE TRIUMPH OF DISCORD.

Oh! Miss Katryd, sitting in de tree Chance to hear a mockin' bird. As sweet as it could be, Miss Katryd discover. But her wife were big an' strong So she decide she'll break in 'An' give 'em a song.

For of mockin' bird, sitting in de tree, he other Katryd fine in 'An' make a great to do. An' now an' den dey'd chuckle In de middle of de fuss An' say: "I bet dat mockin' bird Wish he could sing like us!"

## GREAT DANGER.



Life Insurance Doctor—Do you contemplate any enterprise involving great personal risk or danger? Applicant—Yes, I'm going to discharge our cook tonight.

The Joy of Freedom. How sweet to walk by the county jail. With stout and fearless air: How sweet to walk by the county jail. And know we're not in there!

Having Her Way. "So you are going to housekeeping as soon as you're married? I thought you had made up your mind to board."

A Nightmare. Up rose a man and what he cried: We heard with startled ears: "I dreamed I took a taxi ride That lasted twenty years."

Practical Campaigns. "I don't know whether I ought to take you seriously or not," says the fair young thing to the gallant officer who has just proposed. "I've heard that you were engaged to ten girls last summer."

Magistrate—Officer, what is this man charged with? Constable—He's a camera friend of the worst kind, yer worship.

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"That her to catch them before they begin," suggested the horse reporter. "Then they'll leave at the end of the first untune."

Frequent Passes. "Town council met down in the hall last night," announced the old storekeeper at Bacon Ridge. "That so?" rejoined the starch drummer. "Did they pass any measures?"

"Yes, a quart measure of cider was passed pretty lively all through the meeting."

Vain Regrets. Rankin—Have you seen that estimate of what Chicago spends for cooling beverages on a hot day? It amounts to \$500,000.

Fyle (doing a little figuring)—Geef I ought to have spent twice as much as I did yesterday. I didn't get my share!

AS THEY SHOULD BE.

Phenecer—I say, parson, I've think in dat afore you gits free wid yo' congregation yo'll have ter have ah piano marker wid yo'.

Phenecer—Cause he could make dem square an' upright.

The Rub. "An airship to Venus?" Sounds good, but alas! I've all right to go there. But how to get back?

For Awfully. "He vows he is tired of living." "Well?" "I wish I could restrain him from doing anything rash."

"Why restrain him? Let him go to boarding if he wants to."

The Final Prize. Gunner—I see where an English cigarette company is offering a tombstone for the return of 10,000 coupons.

Gunner—If I means any smoker that got away with 10,000 packs would need a tombstone.

Summary. The pretty girl now whoda her duds. Or all of them she cast. And for each garment she leaves off she sends a coat of tan.

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"Well, weren't you a blonde last summer?"

Theory vs. Practice. Singleton—Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure? Weddery—No, I don't. After a man marries he has no leisure.

Keeping His Word. "Mr. Duth Stax said he was going to retire with a fortune."

"He has kept his word. He's poorer he goes to sleep he puts his wallet and his checkbook under his pillow."

## PERPLEXITY.

All 'round about us, so they say. Are friendly germs that keep away. The hostile an-mul-cu-las That cause us to curl up and die.

The hostile germs are everywhere. The friendly germs are here and there. That's why it makes my conscience squirm Whenever I must wash a germ.

I feel that I should cry. "Who goes? One of my friends or of my foes?" And if a friendly germ it be, I ought to welcome him, my see.

The hostile germs I truly hate. And they deserve a cruel fate. But I would feel regret if I Should swat a "friendly" nip and thigh.

HE WAS NEXT.



Mr. Heupneck—A king, my son, is a person whose authority is practically unlimited, whose word is law and whom everybody must obey.

Willie—Then, papa, I guess mamma is a king.

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"He has kept his word. He's poorer he goes to sleep he puts his wallet and his checkbook under his pillow."

Then He Stood Down. The witness looked youthful, and appeared to be rather uncomfortable too. Consequently, counsel assumed his most imposing manner. "You describe yourself as a writer?" he began.

"What kind of a writer? A sign writer?"

"No, sir."

"Not an author?"

"Partly, sir."

"What do you mean by 'partly'?"

"I'm in father's office, sir. He's a money-lender, and I'm the author of all the sharp letters to backward borrowers. If you remember, I sent you one last week, sir."

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The Spirit of Aggression. Raliffence—The Turkey Trot Tribune uster be such a mild, conservative sort of paper, but I notice lately that the editor takes the ground that the United States can lick Germany, Japan and England combined, and jest dare 'em to sail in.

Backlogs—Yes, Turkey Trot's been dry for years, but jest voted wet a couple of months ago. I tell ya, the press is a pretty reliable mirror of public opinion—Puck.

Another Fable. "Did you see the 'lightning calculator' in the side show?" asked the old farmer in the wide straw hat. "By heck, yes," drawled the other ruralite, "and he was the biggest fable in the show."

"How was that?"

"Why, there was a thunderstorm going on while I was in the tent and when I asked him if he could calculate where the lightning was about to strike he just gave me the laugh."

Speaking From Experience. There was a family reunion down at the South house and little Tommy Smith had been kissed by no less than seven aunts.

"Gee whizz!" he pouted as he took refuge to the cellar, "der's no doubt about it."

"No doubt about what?" asked his chum.

"Why, that this aunty-kissing business is a nuisance."

UP-TO-DATE STORE.



"Well, I can enlighten you on one point," snapped the woman in the red sunbonnet.

"Ah, and what is that, mum?"

"Why, it's not coming from here."

Too Much Company. "Have you ever heard before?" asked the coy maid.

"Yes," yawned the wealthy young man, "but—never before a chapman, two small brothers and a pet bulldog."

And then she suggested a trip down the old road to see the stars.

His Comet Calculation. "Thank de Lawd," said Brother Deaky, "it'll be seventy-five years 'fo de comet comes back!"

"How old will you be at that time?" some one asked.

"Well, uh," he replied, "it makes no mistake in my calculations, I'll be a hundred an' ten!"

The High-Water Mark. Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine?

Mrs. De Jones (just returned from a continental trip)—I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!—Tit-Bits.

HARD OF HEARING. Visitor (in penitentiary)—Do you never hear the still, small voice of conscience?

Convict—No, I'm so hard of hearing conscience could hear me when I talk.

Summary. The pretty girl now whoda her duds. Or all of them she cast. And for each garment she leaves off she sends a coat of tan.

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ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

(Continued from page 1)  
and this week man reversed himself and broke his word. This was as clear a case of religious persecution as that of the Italian philosopher, Vanni, in the 17th century, who had his tongue cut out and was then strangled to death by the Christians of that period; and the world had become more civilized when these 17th century Christians got after Bennett; so the worst they could do was to take away his liberty. And this leads me to remark that Christianity never did nor never will cease to persecute their opponents when in power. But did you ever hear of a Freethinker who wanted to kill or imprison a person that did not think as he did? I never did; and in this fact you see the difference between the intolerance of Christianity and Freethought on men's minds. Intolerance slumbers in every creed, dogma and profession of faith, and there like a coiled serpent it lies, ready to spring upon the unbeliever when conditions are favorable. There is no love, mercy or forgiveness in religious fanaticism. It exacts belief, obedience and submission and woe to him who rebels when it has power to punish! And what is the reason for all this? It is found in the fact that every devotee to religion thinks he knows the will and wishes of God, and it is his duty to regulate the belief and conduct of his fellow men that they will accord with God's desires. In an effort to please his phantom, or imaginary God, lies the secret and the basis of the persecutions, imprisonments, bloodshed, torture and destruction of life that has attended the march of Christianity through 19 centuries of time. When mortal man goes into partnership with God and tries to run the world as his things God wants it run, then liberty to think, to speak, to write becomes a crime, and suppression is demanded.

While religious freedom is greater today than the world ever saw it before, that fact is not due to any inherent change in religion itself, but to the divisions and subdivisions of its forces and the decrease of religious influence. As religion loses power through the increase of sects, mental forces find more freedom to set, and men better opportunities to break away from the errors of the past. As religious influence decreases, religion decreases; and this rule is not only invariable, but universal. You have only to find a community with a low order of intelligence to find a stronghold of religion; for people who do not think and reason, study and reflect, fall ready victims to superstition in some form; and even in localities where general intelligence does prevail, we find many who are in bondage to religious authority, and who receive their opinions ready made instead of producing their own.

"I have met," says a brilliant writer and keen observer, "hundreds of shrewd business men who are still the slaves of the church. They have not time for reflection. I have struck miners, bold, resolute and adventurous, who obeyed the priest." And so we see it everywhere, for men who do not or will not ponder and reflect on every form and phase of religious thought, must and will be enslaved by those they blindly follow. And this fact leads up to the question: What is thought for, if not to use? And why should any man relegate to another his natural right to think and form his own opinions? Why should any man accept a creed that compels him to travel in a circle all his days? Why bind himself to the errors of the past, and ignore the living truths of the present? Why shut his eyes and close his ears to any fact that comes his way? He does so because of prejudice engendered by false teachings, and religion has always been engendered in that business.

To religion, and religion alone, is due the failure of millions to think and reason clearly on all subjects. Men come into the world under its influence in some form, and are brought up to believe they cannot doubt or question certain things without endangering their future happiness, and right here is seen the basis of that stupidity which characterizes the deeply religious. Therefore, to think, and go through this world enslaved by erroneous ideas, their phantom God is ever before them with his exactions and demands, and a mistaken sense of duty impels them to pray

and to indulge in senseless ceremonies. Fear sits on the dome of thought and directs mental action, and for this reason, if there were no other, all religions are a curse and a damage to the human race. No man can be mentally free who has any kind or form of religion, for its very first effect is to limit the scope of thought through apprehension of "increasing God's wrath." It makes mental cowardice to start with, and such are no more fit to deal with science and philosophy and the relations which we as human beings sustain to Nature, than are those born deficient in sense and reason.

Any intellect that is perverted or handicapped by religious influences is deserving of pity, for it is a great misfortune, to say the least.

However, the human race as a whole, is fast rising above the fogs of fear and superstition and into the clear sunlight of reason, but workers are still needed to advance the movement and to quicken the development of general intelligence. For the priesthood is striving just as hard as ever to hold the world back and to keep the minds of its victims in a state of easy stupidity. But when we consider the great changes in the last thirty years there is much room for hope regarding the future. No man ever lived who saw greater changes in his life than that of Robert G. Ingersoll saw along the lines of religious belief, and no man ever did more to make possible the tremendous upheaval of religious thoughts and the great changes in the world than did this great advocate of light and knowledge.

The importance of Ingersoll's work in the realms of Freethought is beyond estimate, and that work is still in progress, though he is no longer with us, for the art of printing makes possible its continuation and perpetuity. Men will read Ingersoll as long as Shakespeare, and more will read his thoughts and sentiments, for he is no longer with us, for the art of printing makes possible its continuation and perpetuity. Men will read Ingersoll as long as Shakespeare, and more will read his thoughts and sentiments, for he is no longer with us, for the art of printing makes possible its continuation and perpetuity.

While dealing with the greatest questions that concern mankind, Ingersoll was never pedantic, his style was easy, natural and attractive, and his words could be made to reveal ideas with perfect clearness, he never failed to make them. There is no trace of ability in anything he wrote or said. He left that style of expression to the priest-hood and those who make a specialty of deceiving their fellow-men. He was honest and sincere at all times, and what he said he really thought and meant. There was a high and lofty purpose in all he said or did, for to do good and make the world better than he found it, was the object that impelled him. His gentle nature drew men unto him as the magnet draws the steel, and his great heart was the abode of love, good will and sympathy for all mankind; and because of such a nature and his reason for his constant warfare on superstition and other evils that detract from human happiness and tend to fill the world with woe. He could not remain silent while religious frauds and frauds poisoned the public mind and perverted the reasoning faculties with their hoary-headed superstitions, and he had done so, there is no doubt he could have reached the highest political position in the land, but for his unbelief in the Christian religion, the Governorship of Illinois would beyond question have been his. When his candidacy was considered, no other objection was raised, and his ability was not and could not be questioned. But the moment an unbeliever is mentioned for political preferment that moment religious bigotry begins its customary work of creating prejudice, and on prejudice and its diffusion is built the main hope of defeat. Anything that will detract from a man's character and standing is used to his disadvantage, whether true or false, and men descend to a lower depth of meanness than a Christian working to defeat an unbeliever for a political office. For some reason, it is impossible for such people to be honest and just in their treatment of one who rejects their hell-fire religion; and while mere belief is considered a virtue that surpasses principle and conduct, such will ever be the case.

Try as they would, and as they did, the Christian opponents of Col. Ingersoll were never able to point out a serious moral defect in the man. His life was a model one, both in his domestic and public relations, and those who knew him best admit all this. Said the Mayor of Peoria, the former home of Ingersoll, when rebuking a slanderer:

"While differing from myself and many others in politics, and having independent views on religion, which he fearlessly expressed," We Peorians hold his name and fame as something to be cherished, and I consider his life a blessing and a sunshine on the highway of life."

No one who really knew him could feel otherwise, for the genial, generous, broad-minded and sympathetic Bob Ingersoll came the nearest to being an ideal man of any that friends or foes can mention.

Said he: "Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world, and love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent to borrower and lender both. Happiness is the legal tender of the soul. Joy is wealth," and by these principles his whole life was shaped and influenced. The place to be happy is here—the time is now, was his life-long motto; and in this view of existence he differed from the Christian who expects the most and the best in some other world. Though, strange to say, none of them have the least anxiety to leave this world and enter into what is known as the eternal joys of the next. Their real attitude in this matter has been correctly expressed in time, and these words express it:

"You can talk about the glories of a home beyond the skies; of a climate that is perpetual spring; of the land of rupture lies. You can talk about the beauties of a grand, eternal home;—But I want to murmur gently: I have no desire to roam."

In spite of belief, that person is yet to be found who is in any hurry to exchange the real joys of this world for the imaginary ones of another. So inconsistency must ever stand as a Christian trait. If Christianity presented nothing but imaginary joys to the people, we might tolerate it as a pleasing delusion, but when it sends more people to its fabled heaven than to its imaginary hell, the character of such a religion becomes unlivable, and we want it not.

A story was in circulation at one time that Col. Ingersoll's hatred of religion was due to the harshness of his father's character, for the clergy professed inability to see any other good cause for his enmity toward their sacred, but hellish, superstition, and this story necessitated a letter from him which is here reproduced:

"The story that the unkindness of my father drove me into infidelity is simply an orthodox lie. The bigots, unable to meet my arguments, are endeavoring to dig open the grave and calumniate the dead. This they are willing to do in defense of their in-

fernal dogmas. I was not driven by the unkindness of my father to hate a God who would order, according to the Old Testament, the sweet bodies of women to be ripped open by the sword. My father was a kind and loving man. He loved his children tenderly and intensely. There was no sacrifice he would not and did not gladly make for them. He had one misfortune, and that was his religion. He believed the Bible, and in the shadow of that frightful book he passed his life. He believed in the truth of its horrors, and for years, thinking of the fate of the human race, his eyes were filled with tears. Seeing the effect upon him—seeing that religion simply made men unhappy, I learned to hate what is generally known as orthodox religion. I abhor the outrageous cruelties and horrors described in the Old Testament, perpetrated, as it alleges, by the command of God. I abhor the threatenings in the New Testament. I utterly despise the doctrines of total depravity and eternal punishment. I hate any book that teaches these doctrines. I hate any God that writes such a book. I hate those things because I have a brain and a heart. I hate them because they are infamously and heartlessly, and brainlessly false, cowardly and infamous. My father was infinitely better than the God he worshipped—ininitely better than the religion he preached. And these stories about his unkindness are maliciously untrue. The bigots of today are willing to slander him in order to get even with me. Can anything exceed the arrogance of humility and the malice of universal forgiveness?"

From this letter we see why the man who believed in happiness and joy was an unwelcome and unpopu-lar opponent of the orthodox religion. It was because happiness and joy cannot be built upon it, nor experienced "in the shadow of that frightful book"—the Bible—if one sincerely believes it. This is the conclusion of every rational man, and all such feel to fight and oppose such barriers to life's enjoyment.

What a picture Ingersoll draws of his kind and loving father, whose mind was filled with unhappy thoughts, and his eyes with tears, because he believed the Bible and the Christian religion. All his days he carried this burden, and was tormented with that we now know were groundless fears and baseless troubles. But to him they were real, and his sympathetic nature was harrowed with the thought that eternal punishment was to be the fate of millions of his fellow men. Such is the power of belief; hence every man's duty who knows it is to fight and destroy such doctrines.

I stood by the bedside of an old man recently who suffered more than words can express with hallucinations. I sought to comfort him and lessen his sufferings by telling him they were not real, but imaginary,—that his brain was abnormal in its action, when he put to me this question: "Which has power to pro-

duce the greatest misery—Reality or Imagination?" I had to confess that the power of each was about equal; and as he declared he could not escape the feeling that his sufferings were real and he could throw them off. I still think so.

The elder Ingersoll was afflicted with Bible beliefs that were as bad as this man's hallucinations, and both cases, while slightly different, were much alike. The imagination was reached in some manner, not exactly clear in the case of this old gentleman, and the brain acted without volition or the controlling influence of reason. With Ingersoll's father, the imagination was reached and controlled by Bible falsehoods, and both these men endured what might be termed an intellectual nightmare.

Reason could not reach one and give relief, but it could the other; so when Robert G. Ingersoll began to disseminate reason and common sense as an antidote for bitter horrors and the finished superstition of Christianity, he began one of the most important works to which a man ever devoted his time and attention. Think for a moment of the mental agony and the misery without end that has followed in the wake of Christianity! Who can estimate the tremendous volume that has rolled over and engulfed the human race in the last 1900 years? The Bible horrors and the finished superstition of Christianity are the natural products of the beautiful doctrine of total depravity and endless punishment; but thanks to Bob Ingersoll, to Paine and to Voltaire, the world has found great relief, and the value of reason is becoming more and more apparent. The world is changed in proportion as thought changes, and the man who gives to the world better and brighter thoughts, who by the power of mind, raises the scale of intellectual development, is a public benefactor. Such a man was Robert G. Ingersoll, and the

Continued on page 3

1909—1909

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